THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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SELECTIONS.

ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN, COUNT OF RUMFORD.

From the Literary Miſcellany.

(Continued from page 46.)

TO conceive great and ſplendid projects, and calculate the beneficial conſequences, which are to be their reſults, is ſurely a teſtimony of a noble mind; but to conceive feaſible ones, and againſt all oppoſition to execute them, and make all the parts of a complicated "eſtabliſhment go on together, and harmonize, like the parts of a piece of muſic in full ſcore," and completely effect the object of the inſtitution, is certainly the moſt convincing evidence of genius. This ſeems to be the nature of Rumford's ſyſtem, and the beſt commentary is found in the military work houſe at Munich.

The ſame year, 1790, under Sir Benjamin's direction, the military academy was inſtituted. The deſign of this eſtabliſhment is to call into active and uſeful life the dormant ſpark of genius, which would otherwiſe remain immured in obſcurity and oblivion. Although it is called the military academy, military accompliſhments are not alone taught. Every exerciſe, which can add to the education of the gentleman, as well as the ſoldier, is performed, ſo that it is a ſchool of general education, where every ſcience is ſtudied, which fits them for gentlemen, for the ſtudy of any learned profeſſion, or any civil or military employment.

As its object is expreſsly to call into activity "*very extraordinary natural genius only*," no diſtinction of claſſes, from which the eléves are ſelected, is known; but the children of the meaneſt mechanics and day laborers find as ready admiſſion, as the children of the nobility. In this academy, which conſiſts of 180 pupils, Sir Benjamin's reform in matters of economy is carried to a great length. By the experience of four years he found, that the expenſe of each pupil amounted only to fourteen pounds ſterling a year, and, conſidering that profeſſors and maſters of every kind are employed, and ſervants, cloathing, board, lodging, firewood, light, repairs, and every other article, except houſe rent, are ſupported by this expenſe, the economy is indeed wonderful.

In 1790 alſo the celebrated Engliſh garden was begun in the environs of Munich. The land, made uſe of for this purpoſe, had formerly been a foreſt, or hunting ground, belonging to the Electors, but then in a ſtate of wildneſs, and rather a deſert, than the ſuburbs of a city. Sir Benjamin obtained the Elector's permiſſion to convert this uſeleſs tract into a beautiful public garden, with a view to promote the agricultural intereſt of the country. He began by laying out extenſive walks, promenades, ſtreets, and races, and round the whole, an extent of ſeveral miles, he made a road, on which, at regular intervals, cottages and farm houſes were erected. In theſe, the tenants, or ſervants, who occupied, or ſuperintended any part of the lands, reſided. In one place a lake was made, and with the earth, which was taken out, a hill, or mound created, which gave to the whole a pleaſant and pictureſque aſpect. In another a public coffee houſe was built, where the inhabitants of the city might retire, and partake of the various amuſements of the garden. On an eminence a Chineſe pagoda appears, which, through the denſe foliage of the trees, has a charming effect. Every thing, that could add to the beauty of the place, was employed, nor was the utility of the plan neglected.

But what gives to the whole a variety and elegance, and at the ſame time excites the livelieſt ſenſations in the heart of a ſpectator, is the marble monument, placed in one of the public ſquares of the garden. The Bavarians were too ſenſible of the ſervices, rendered by Sir Benjamin to the ſtate, not to ſhew ſome public teſtimony of their gratitude. This monument to the memory of Rumford was erected in 1795, during his abſence from Bavaria.

Under the baſſo relievo, upon a large block of poliſhed marble, is an inſcription in the German language, of which the following is a literal tranſlation.

"Stay wanderer.
At the creative fiat of Charles Theodore,
Rumford, the friend of mankind,
By genius, taſte, and love inſpired,
Changed this once deſert place
Into what thou now beholdeſt."

On the oppoſite ſide of the monument there is a buſt of Count Rumford, thought to be very like him, in Bavarian Alabaſtar, and under this buſt on a block of poliſhed marble, an inſcription, of which the following is a tranſlation.

"To him,
Who rooted out the greateſt of public evils,
Idleneſs and mendicity;
Relieved and inſtructed the poor,
And founded many inſtitutions
For the education of our youth.
Go, wanderer,
And ſtrive to equal him
In genius and activity,
And us
In gratitude."

This inſtance of public eſteem, as it has not a parallel in hiſtory, would be a rich reward to a man, who ſought for ſplendid honors only; but, to the real philanthropiſt and a great man, is far inferior to one viſit to the houſe of induſtry.

The ſervices, which the ſovereign had received from the unwearied application of Sir Benjamin, were partially compenſated by the honors, occaſionally beſtowed upon him. At this time the Elector gave him a regiment of artillery, and conferred on him the rank of Lieutenant General of his armies.

In the year 1791 he was created a Count of the holy Roman Empire, and honored with the order of the white eagle. After he received the title of Count, he choſe to bear the name of Rumford, which Concord in New-Hampſhire, the place, where he married, and where his eſtate was ſituated, formerly bore.

The labor and ſtudy, to which his numerous occupations ſubjected him, now produced a ſenſible effect on his health. But loſs of health was not the only misfortune, he was obliged to encounter. Although he had zealouſly devoted his time and ſervices in the moſt diſintereſted manner to promote the public good, there were not wanting enemies, who envied him his ſucceſs and his honeſt fame. Attempts were made to render his ſchemes abortive, and fruſtrate the ſanguine expectations of his induſtry. The anxiety and embarraſſment, which this oppoſition produced, haſtened his decline. He however perſevered, completed his plans, and ſilenced thoſe, who oppoſed him.

To recover from the depreſſion thus brought upon him, he procured liberty to viſit Italy. Count Rumford travelled over all Italy and part of Switzerland, and returned, after a journey of ſixteen months, to Bavaria in Auguſt 1794. He had been attacked by ſickneſs, which prevented his reſuming the buſineſs of his department upon his return; but he attended to his ſtudies, and prepared his five firſt eſſays for publication.

In the month of September 1795, after an abſence of more than eleven years, he returned to England, principally for the purpoſe of publiſhing his eſſays. He wiſhed alſo to direct the Engliſh nation towards the plans of public and domeſtic economy, which he had formed and realized in Germany.

Lord Pelham, then ſecretary of ſtate in Ireland, invited him to Dublin, and in the ſpring of 1796 the Count complied with his requeſt. He introduced many important improvements into the hoſpitals, public inſtitutions, and houſes of induſtry, and left many models of mechanical inventions. Here every teſtimony of honor and gratitude was beſtowed upon him. He was elected an honorary member of the "Royal academy of Ireland," and of "the ſociety for the encouragement of arts and manufactures," and after he left the country the grand jury of the county of Dublin ſent him a letter of thanks. He alſo received official letters, filled with the moſt flattering expreſſions of reſpect and gratitude, from the lord mayor of the city, and the lord lieutenant of Ireland.

On his return he ſuggeſted and directed ſeveral alterations in the foundling hoſpital, and preſented ſeveral machines to the board of agriculture.

In July 1796 the Count placed in the Engliſh funds £ 1000 ſterling, the intereſt of which was to be appropriated to purchaſing medals, as a premium to the author of the moſt uſeful eſſay upon *light* and *heat*, the prize to be adjudged by the Royal ſociety of Great-Britain. A ſimilar donation was veſted in the American funds for the ſame purpoſe, and the prize to be adjudged by the American academy of arts and ſciences.

The firſt volume of his works conſiſts of five eſſays. The firſt, on the "public eſtabliſhment

for the poor in Bavaria," contains a particular account of the ſituation of the author at the time, he engaged in the ſervice of the Elector; the ſituation of the poor, and the extent of idleneſs and mendicity; the preparations and the details of the progreſs of the houſe of induſtry; the manner of employing the poor; together with many important directions and principles to be obſerved in executing ſimilar reforms. The following extract ſhows the advantages of that eſtabliſhment.

"Notwithſtanding all the diſadvantages, under which it labored in its infant ſtate, the net profits, ariſing from it during the ſix years, it has exiſted,* amount to above 100,000 florins,† after the expenſes of every kind, ſalaries, wages, repairs, &c, have been deducted; and the buſineſs is ſo much increaſed of late in conſequence of the augmentation of the demands of clothing for the troops, that the amount of the orders, received and executed the laſt year, did not fall much ſhort of *half a million* of florins."

When an inſtitution, originating in the ſufferings of the moſt miſerable and burthenſome claſs of people in ſociety, common beggars, produces theſe reſults, the peruſal of the account of its formation and progreſs muſt afford entertainment and inſtruction to the philoſopher, ſtateſman, and philanthropiſt.

The benevolent Howard penetrated the gloomy receſſes of the moſt loathſome priſons, and, like a miniſtering angel, gave comfort and conſolation to their wretched inhabitants; but the philoſophic Rumford has prevented their ever entering them, by taking the poor and vicious from the paths of miſery, which lead to crimes, and making them uſeful and happy.

(To be continued.)

* It muſt be recollected, that this account was publiſhed in 1796.

† About 40,000 dollars.

FROM THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.

Collected from Bennet's Letters to a young lady.

ON POETRY.

Though I do not wiſh you to become a poet, it is however neceſſary, that you ſhould not be wholly unacquainted with the writings of many inimitable bards. They will certainly refine your taſte, and ſpread a very elegant repaſt for your private amuſement.

Shakeſpear is, perhaps, the firſt genius of the world; and ſome of his dramatic works, whilſt they aſtoniſh, will give you a uſeful fund of hiſtorical information.

The immortal poem of Paradiſe Loſt ſhould not only be in the hands, but graven on the heart of every woman, becauſe Milton, above all other authors, deſcribes, the diſtinguſhing graces of the ſex, and, in his Eve, has exhibited an exquiſite pattern of female perfection. On this ſubject, his feelings were always awakened in an extraordinary manner; his imagination glowed, and he has given it the fineſt touches of his pencil.

Milton, like other great men, was fully ſenſible of the bleſſings we derive from the ſociety of women, and how cheerleſs the face of nature would have been without them. He, therefore, labours to make the mother of Paradiſe every thing that could charm, and every thing that could alleviate the infelicities of life.

Maſon's poems have great merit, and have acquired him a conſiderable celebrity. His Charactacus, his Elfrida, and his Engliſh Garden have all been admired. Nothing, however, from his pen, has pleaſed me more than the epitaph upon his lady. His talents ſeem to be particularly formed for the penſive and pathetic.

Akenſide's work, on the pleaſures of the imagination, needs no other recommendation, than what it has received from a generous and diſcerning public. It is highly intereſting; it required a very conſiderable effort; and his genius has rendered it beautifully pictureſque.

Cowper's Poems are calculated to do much ſervice. He has made the muſes hand-maids to religion. He has choſen verſes, only as a vehicle for conveying inſtructions of ſo important a nature as would not have diſhonored the pulpit. His ſtyle is ſimple, bold, manly and energetic; his judgment ſtrong and penetrating; his metaphors, forcible and happily conceived; his obſervations on life and manners, accurate; and his ſatire, juſt and poignant.

The moſt finiſhed poet of the age is Hayley. His eſſay on hiſtory, and on epic poetry, his ode to Howard, and his Triumphs of Temper have received very great and generous applauſe.

In poetry, the ladies have, of late, aſſerted their claim to genius and honor. Miſs Williams bids fair for a poetic laurel, that will long be green. Her Peru is a work of conſiderable merit. The little ſonnets of Charlotte Smith are ſoft, penſive and ſentimental. The muſes, if I miſtake not, will, in time, raiſe her to eminence. She has, as yet, ſtepped forth only in little things, with a diffidence, which is characteriſtic of real genius in its firſt attempts. Her next public entry may be more in ſtyle and more conſequential.

Hannah More, in her writings, never loſes ſight of piety and virtue. Her Bleeding Rock, Search after Happineſs, Sir Eldred of the bower, Sacred Dramas, Female Fables, &c. will pleaſe and inſtruct. The little tract lately publiſhed, entitled 'Thoughts on the manners of the great,' which has had ſo very extenſive a circulation, is ſaid to have come from her ingenious pen. The deſign is excellent, and the execution diſplays great knowledge of human life and manners.

From the *Citizen of the World.*

An accurate knowledge of Mankind not to be obtained from Books.

BOOKS, while they teach us to reſpect the intereſts of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they inſtruct the youthful reader to graſp at ſocial happineſs, he grows miſerable in detail, and attentive to univerſal harmony, often forgets that he himſelf has a part to ſuſtain in the concert. I diſlike, therefore, the philoſopher who deſcribes the inconveniences of life in ſuch pleaſing colours, that the pupil grows enamoured of diſtreſs, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniences, till he ſeverely feels them.

A youth, who has thus ſpent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with men, but by philoſophic information, may be conſidered as a being, whoſe mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wiſe; utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own ſkill in the direction, he ſets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himſelf at laſt undone.

He firſt has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in exceſs; and he has been long taught to deteſt vice and love virtue; warm, therefore, in attachments, and ſtedfaſt in enmity, he treats every creature as a friend or foe; expects from thoſe he loves unerring integrity, and conſigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds; and here begin his diſappointments; upon a cloſer inſpection of human nature, he perceives, that he ſhould have moderated his friendſhip and ſoftened his ſeverity; for he often finds the excellences of one part of mankind clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue; he finds no character ſo ſanctified that has not its failings, none ſo infamous but has ſomewhat to attract our eſteem; he beholds impiety in lawn and fidelity in fetters.

He now, therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards ſhould have been more cool, and his hatred leſs violent; that the truly wiſe ſeldom court romantic friendſhips with the good, and avoid, if poſſible, the reſentment even of the wicked; every moment gives him freſh inſtances, that the bonds of friendſhip are broken if drawn too cloſely, and that thoſe whom he has treated with diſreſpect more than retaliate the injury; at length, therefore, he is obliged to confeſs, that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to eſpouſe his quarrel

Our book-taught philoſopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and though poverty be the juſt conſequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is reſolved to meet it without ſhrinking: philoſophers have deſcribed poverty in moſt charming colours; and even his vanity is touched in thinking, that he ſhould ſhew the world, in himſelf, one more example of patience, fortitude, and reſignation. "Come, then, O poverty! for what is there in thee dreadful to the Wiſe; temperance, health, and frugality, walk in thy train; cheerfulneſs and liberty are ever thy companions. Shall any be aſhamed of thee of whom Cincinatus was not aſhamed? the running brook, the herbs of the field can amply ſatisfy nature; man wants but little, nor that little long; come then, O Poverty, while kings ſtand by and gaze with admiration at the philoſophers reſignation."

The goddeſs appears; for poverty ever comes at the call: but, alas! he finds her by no means the charming figure books and his warm imagination had painted As when an eaſtern bride, whom her friends and relations had long deſcribed as a model of perfection, pays her firſt viſit, the longing bridegroom lifts the veil to ſee a face he had never ſeen before: but inſtead of a countenance blazing with beauty like the ſun, he beholds deformity ſhooting icicles to his heart; ſuch appears Poverty to her new entertainer; all the fabric of enthuſiaſm is at once demoliſhed, and a thouſand miſeries riſe upon its ruins, while Contempt, with pointing finger, is foremoſt in the hideous proceſſion.

The poor man now finds that he can get no kings to look at him while he is eating; he finds that in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philoſopher in all the majeſty of ſolitude; it might be agreeable enough to play the philoſopher, while we are conſcious

that mankind are ſpectators; but what ſignifies wearing the maſk of ſturdy contentment, and mounting the ſtage of reſtraint, when not one creature will aſſiſt at the exhibition! Thus is he forſaken of men, while his fortitude wants the ſatisfaction even of ſelf-applauſe; for either he does not feel his preſent calamities, and that is natural inſenſibility, or he diſguiſes his feelings, and that is diſſimulation.

Spleen now begins to take up the man; not diſtinguiſhing in his reſentments, he regards all mankind with deteſtation, and commencing man-hater, ſeeks ſolitude to be at liberty to rail.

It has been ſaid, that he who retires to ſolitude is either a beaſt or an angel; the cenſure is too ſevere, and the praiſe unmerited; the diſcontented being who retires from ſociety, is generally ſome good natured man, who has begun his life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourſe with mankind.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

From the LITERARY WORKSHOP.—*No.* 4.

CREDULITY.

CREDULITY is a weakneſs, which every one can diſcover in his neighbor, but which none think of finding in themſelves.

A Philoſophical inveſtigation of the cauſes from which it originates will lead us to conclude, that however variouſly modified, however different the objects to which it is directed, and in whatever different degrees it prevails in different minds, it is a propenſity interwoven with our conſtitution, and neceſſarily reſults from that imperfection to which the whole race of man is ſubjected. It may properly be defined *a diſpoſition to believe without ſufficient evidence.* It originates in the following cauſes.

1. Ignorance. Were mankind poſſeſſed of perfect knowledge there could be no place for credulity. But ſuch is the condition of human nature, that information on many intereſting ſubjects, can be but imperfectly obtained.—This lays the corner ſtone of credulity. Another cauſe is the uneaſineſs we feel in a ſtate of doubtful ſuſpenſe. This uneaſineſs often prompts us to a haſty deciſion, when a careful examination would lead to the truth.

A third ſource of credulity is the love of novelty; a paſſion inſeparable from our nature, and often prompting to the moſt uſeful exertions. This paſſion influences the mind to catch at the new, or the marvellous, and direct its attention to every circumſtance which leads to a confirmation of its reality.

A fourth cauſe is indolence The evidence of many truths lies too deep to be diſcovered by the tranſient obſerver.

Another, and a ſtill more fruitful, ſource of credulity is the aſſociation of ideas. In early life we become acquainted with many important truths, which are ſelf evident, or the proof of which we fully comprehend. With theſe truths many adventitous circumſtances are often connected, which, for want of due diſcrimination, we become accuſtomed to conſider eſſential to the truths themſelves. Hence it happens that when any propoſition is ſtated, which is found to agree to thoſe adventitious circumſtances, we immediately adopt it as ſufficiently evident from its agreement with what we have been accuſtomed to conſider connected with the moſt fundamental and important truths.

But the greateſt cauſe of credulity exiſts in our deſires and averſions with reſpect to the objects of belief. This has probably more influence than all others united.

"What ardently we wiſh we ſoon believe."

Perhaps at firſt view the reaſon of this does not eaſily appear. All will however acknowledge the fact, and by a careful attention to what paſſes in our minds, it is preſumed a philoſophical reaſon for it may be aſſigned.

Whatever object we wiſh to obtain it is natural to ſeek the means of obtaining. This is a law of our nature. A perſon wiſhes to gain the belief of a propoſition. He will then ſeek the means of obtaining that belief. Theſe means are the evidences in favor of the propoſition. It follows therefore that the mind of this perſon will be wholly engaged in attending to thoſe arguments, which favor what he wiſhes to believe, and hence it is eaſy to ſee how mankind are induced to believe whatever is agreeable to their wiſhes, even on the ſlighteſt evidence, and where the belief, if unfounded, is confeſſedly attended with the moſt dangerous conſequences.

From the preceding account of credulity, I think it muſt appear, that *ſuperſtition* and *ſcepticiſm* are more nearly related than is generally ſuppoſed. Both are the effects of credulity, exerciſed in different ways according to the inclination of the mind. The fanatic, from a love of the marvellous, is led to believe every effuſion of a heated imagination an immediate revelation from Heaven, while the dread of futurity, and an averſion to that ſpirituality of mind, which religion requires render it highly deſirable, that the obſervance of external ceremonies ſhould avail to ſecure his ſalvation. He is thus prepared to believe in the efficacy of popiſh abſolutions, monkiſh auſterities, rigorous faſting, and lacerations of the body, to procure a ſeat in the celeſtial paradiſe. The ſame averſion to the truths of religion, the ſame deſire to indulge in ſenſuality induces the *ſceptic* to conclude that *moral obligation*—is a bugbear, conjured up by prieſts and politicians, for the ſame purpoſe that *raw head and bloody bones* are called by the nurſe to aſſiſt in governing the children; that the exiſtence of a Supreme Being is only an ideal exiſtence, depending on the weakneſs of flaviſh and timid minds, and that death is an introduction to the eternal repoſe of annihilation.

We may further infer, from what has been ſaid on the ſubject of credulity, that ſceptics are the moſt credulous people in the world. To ſet the proof of this in full view let ſome of the preceding propoſitions be repeated.

Whatever we wiſh to obtain we immediately ſeek ſome means of obtaining. The ſceptic wiſhes to indulge in pleaſures inconſiſtent with religion. The dread of futurity is an obſtruction to the tranquil indulgence of theſe pleaſures. He therefore wiſhes to remove that obſtruction. The means of removing it are the evidence, or appearances of evidence, that he is not accountable for his conduct. To theſe appearances therefore his whole attention is directed,& as much more ſtrongly as preſent good engages the mind, than that which is future and unſeen, ſo much more credulous is the ſceptic in his belief than the greateſt bigot, or the moſt alarmed fanatic in all the regions of Chriſtendom.

Remark.—As the *ſituation* of genius is more or leſs eligible, it is nothing or every thing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COWPER.

The life of Cowper, as a picture of events, lies in a very narrow compaſs. He was born Nov. 26, 1731; was educated at Weſtminſter ſchool, which he left in 1749; was three years in the houſe of an attorney, and then twelve in chambers in the Inner Temple; whence, after two vain attempts to bring him into public life, in ſituations of parliamentary buſineſs, he retired into the country, firſt for the ſake of recovery, then as a fixed reſidence, firſt at Huntingdon, then, at Olney, thirdly at the village of Weſton, near Olney, and laſtly in a melancholy removal, made neceſſary by the ſtate of his health, but never completely ſucceſsful in its object. He died on the 25th of April, 1800, aged 69.

A CHINESE CUSTOM.

The new year commences, in China, with the new moon, which happens neareſt to the time, when the ſun is in the 15th degree of Aquarius, and is an important period; not only on account of a univerſal feſtivity, during which no buſineſs is tranſacted; but it is the day previous to which all *payments* muſt be completed. In the interval between the ſolſtice and the new year, the creditor is very importunate, and if not ſatisfied on the laſt night of the old year, he repairs to the debtor's houſe, takes his ſeat, and obſerves the moſt profound ſilence. As ſoon as midnight is paſſed, he riſes, congratulates the debtor on the new year, and retires. The debtor has then *loſt his face*, and no perſon will ever truſt him afterward.

EPIGRAMS.

Tom whilſt to revelry he flies,
Boaſts he is witty, free, and wiſe.
But Paſſion's ſlave, we all agree,
Is neither witty, wiſe, nor free.

Anne, on whoſe cheeks falſe roſes glow,
Coquettes it ſtill with many a beau.
Striving her wrinkles to forget,
She boaſts, ſhe is not thirty yet.
And who her words diſputes—ſince ſo
She told us *twenty years ago.*

MAXIM.

Gentle manners, virtuous lives,
Make eaſy huſbands, happy wives.
Theſe are the only means we know,
To make a little heav'n below.

BUT,

Angry manners, vicious lives,
Make wretched huſbands, dreadful wives,
And hence ſuch evils take their birth,
As make a little hell on earth.

DIED,

At Southington, Con. Mrs. Nancy Whittleſey, wife of Roger Whittleſey, eſq. and daughter of the Rev. John Smalley, D. D. aged 37. At Andover, Maſs. Mrs. Phebe Hall, conſort of Joſhua Hall, eſq. At Cambridge, Mr. Robert Adams, ſtudent in Medicine, aged 25.

At New-Ipſwich, (N. H.) Deacon Iſaac Appleton, aged 74. At Portſmouth, Colonel Eliphalet Ladd, aged 62;—Rev. Samuel Haven, D. D. in the 79th year of his age.

At Canterbury, Hon. Abiel Foſter, formerly a member of Congreſs.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

TO SYRENA.

DOWN where yon ſtreamlets flow meander,
And Flora doth her myrtles wave,
Chaſte zephyrs ſigh, and wood-nymphs wander
To weep at thy *Philander's* grave.

Huſh ! gentle nymph, forbear to languiſh !
True love like his can never ceaſe,
Again he'll meet thee, ſoft thy anguiſh,
Heaven ſhall ſend a kind releaſe.

Sweet fields there are to which thou'rt going,
Where all congenial ſouls ſhall meet ;
There ſtreams of bliſs are ever flowing ;
The happy chriſtian's ſafe retreat.

Love is the canker-worm corroding
Thy every comfort, every joy,
The fatal ſpoiler, which, intruding,
Fain would thy every charm deſtroy.

With grief I ſaw thy beauty fading,
And mark'd with pain the fell diſeaſe
Which long hath been thy health invading,
Which long hath marr'd thy quiet eaſe.

Each friendly ſwain ſhall tell thy ditty
Unto his fair-one, with a ſigh,
Till heaves her breaſt, and tears of pity
Shall gliſten in her lovely eye.

In yonder vale thy ſwain repoſes,
Where the purple violets bloom ;
Myſelf will twine a wreath of roſes,
And bind them on thy lover's tomb.

His body ſleeps beneath the willow ;
His ſpirit waits for thee on high ;
An Angel, when the grave's thy pillow,
Shall bear thee to the upper ſky.

EUGENIO.

SELECTED POETRY.

From the PORT FOLIO.

AN ODE,

Commemorative of the deaths of Lieut. SOMERS of the American navy, and his brave Companions, before Tripoli, in the ſummer of 1805.

[Commodore Preble, with a view as much as poſſible to haraſs the enemy, ordered the ketch Intrepid to be filled with materials for a deſtructive exploſion, and gave the conduct of her to Lieutenants Somers, Wadſworth, Iſrael, and a few others.—Their orders were to approach, under cover of the night, as near as they could, to the town and batteries, and after firing a train, provided for that purpoſe, to make their eſcape to the fleet in boats. A premature diſcovery of them by the enemy, rendered it impoſſible for them, either to reach the ſtation which they contemplated, or to make their eſcape ; and theſe brave men, with an intrepidity almoſt beyond parallel, preferring death to an ignominious ſervitude, ſet fire to the train, and were blown with their enemies into the air. This cataſtrophe is made the ſubject of the following Ode.]

— *vota ad deos—*
Aget Penna metuente ſolvi
Fama ſuperſtes—
——— ibi tu calentem
Debita ſparges, Lacryma favillam.

HORACE.

Chorus.

And muſt the memory of the brave
Sleep in the ſlumbers of the grave ?
Wake the golden ſtring of Fame !
Heroes wake, your meed to claim,
Offſpring of alarms !
Rear'd mid the tumults of the brave,
No pillow chooſing but the wave,
No muſic, but of arms !

Recitative.

Dark is the night, and deep and low'ring
Hang its ſhadows o'er the main ;
On the billow awful tow'ring,
Yonder glide the warrior-train !
Not a ſtar betrays their motions,
Huſh'd, unſeen, they hold their way ;
Sullen as the calm of ocean,
At the lurid cloſe of day.
Lo ! the fleet with valor teeming,
Dimly ſkirts the weſtward ſky ;
Hope and doubt alternate beaming
From the war-inſtructed eye.
Preble there ſerene preſiding,
Diſtant marks the floating death,
Toward the caſtle darkly gliding,
Aided by the breeze's breath.

Air.

Chief of daring ! thine is glory
Far beyond the reach of Fate ;
Slain—immortaliz'd in ſtory,
Living—valorous and great !
Thine the calm heroic ſpirit,
Firm to act, and bold to dare ;
Or to graſp the meed of merit,
Or the Hero's grave to ſhare !

Recitative.

Now the bark in diſtance fading
Glooms beneath the turret-ſteep,
Not a ſound the ear invading
Save the murmur of the deep !
Surely ſhe has gain'd her ſtation,
Loſt in diſtance and in gloom—
'Tis the pauſe of expectation !
'Tis the ſilence of the tomb !

Air.

Warriors rue the gale that bore them !
Rue the gloom that wrapt the ſkies !
Never ſhall the ſun reſtore them
To your valour-weeping eyes !
Shield them, Heav'n, amid th' exploſion !
Quickly waft them from the ſhore—
Who can bear the ſwift concuſſion ?
Who can liſt the ſudden roar ?

Recitative.

See the flaſh, one moment ſhining,
Ocean, earth, and heav'n illume !
Now again 'tis loſt ! reſigning
Heav'n and earth and ſea, to gloom.
Horror all, and wild commotion—
Shrieks of millions from the ſhore—
Gleaming on the ſulph'rous ocean,
Cannon burſt with rapid roar.
Atlas trembling, hears the thunder
Bellow thro' his ſhores below ;
Sees his tawny ſons of plunder
Frighted fly, without a foe.

Air (by the Turks).

Allah ! whence this dire undoing
Ruſhing thro' the troubled air ?
Save, oh ſave thy race from ruin,
Shield the faithful from deſpair !

Recitative.

O'er the ſcene, at length, repoſing,
Wrapt in deſolation's reign ;
Morn reluctantly diſcloſing,
Faintly gilds the eaſtward plain.

Chorus (by the Crews).

Riſe in haſte, oh God of ſplendor !
Valor bids thee ſwiftly riſe ;
Triumph to the deeds we'll render
Veil'd by midnight from our eyes.
Hail the wave that to our wiſhes,
Proudly wafts the daring few !
Hail the dawn that bears propitious
Fame and Somers to his crew !

Recitative.

Morning breaks—but ah, to languiſh !
Lurid was the light it ſhed
O'er th' enquiring eye of anguiſh,
For the warrior-train are fled.

Air (1ſt.)

Gallant Warriors ! well attended
Ruſh'd your valor to its grave ;
Many a foe convulſive rended,
Grimly ſank beneath the wave.
Well aveng'd, ere long you'll number,
Victims welt'ring, pale and low ;
Many a Turk, in icy ſlumber,
Soon ſhall knit the ſavage brow.
Gen'rous Youths ! your ſtory telling,
Though a ſigh ſuſpend the breath ;
Ev'ry nerve to frenzy ſwelling
Claims a victory from death.

Air (2d.)

Heralds of your Country's glory,
Dawning on the path of time !
Age ſhall kindle at your ſtory,
Cheriſh'd oft in future rhyme ;
For the Bard, on fame attending,
Shall, enraptur'd by the tale,
O'er his harp of legends bending,
Give your glories to the gale.
Beauty, too, a wreath beſtowing,
Bids it flouriſh round your bier ;
Ever in remembrance glowing,
Ever water'd by her tear.

Air (3d.)

Often ſhall the Arab wander
From his hills of ſunny ſand,
On your deeds of fame to ponder,
Circled by his liſt'ning Band—
" Periſh'd here," he'll ſay, " the ſtranger,
" When the ſtar of night was high ;
" Like thee, Chriſtian, braving danger,
" Be it mine, like thee to die !"

LODINUS.

Deſcription of the FORTUNATE ISLANDS.

BY GARTH.

THE happy iſles, where endleſs pleaſures wait,
Are ſtiled by tuneful bards, the fortunate :
Eternal ſpring with ſmiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
From cryſtal rocks tranſparent riv'lets flow,
The roſe ſtill bluſhes, and the violets blow,
The vine undreſs'd her ſwelling cluſters bears ;
The lab'ring hind the mellow olive cheers :
Bloſſoms and fruits at once the citron ſhows,
And, as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes ;
And the glad orange courts the am'rous maid
With golden apples, and a ſilken ſhade.
No blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the piercing ſky ;
The ſprings but murmur, & the winds but ſigh.
The tuneful ſwans on gliding rivers float,
And warbling dirges die on every note.
Where Flora treads, her zephyr garlands flings,
Shaking rich odours from her purple wings :
And birds from woodbine bow'rs and jeſmine groves
Chaunt their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.
Mild ſeaſons, riſing hills, and ſilent gales,
Cool grottoes, ſilver brooks, & flow'ry vales,
In this beſt climate all the circling year prevails.

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